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PIOCHE, - - - NEVADA.

STREET SCENES.

Picturesque Sights in a Busy Chinese City.

ONE HUGE ST RUGGLING BAZAAR.

Little Sunlight Struggles Into the Narrow Thoroughfares—Funerals Always Have the Right of Way.

Florence O'Driscoll, a member of the English House of Commons, has a timely article, "In the Streets of Canton," in the November number of "The Century." A second paper will describe life on the river. Of the street scenes in Canton, Mr. O'Driscoll writes:

"Little if any sunlight struck down into these ways. Their narrowness would have prevented the intrusion of any but vertical beams, or those slanting parallel with the street, and, to guard against even these, a shade-loving people had hung matting overhead. This gave the city the aspect of a hug straggling bazaar sheltered beneath a great ragged roof.

The thoroughfares in the older portions of the city vary from about four to six or seven feet in width. In the newer quarters there are frequently ten and even fifteen feet of space between the houses on each side.

These narrow ways were thronged with tens of thousands of people; looking along them it seemed almost as if one could walk upon men's heads, so close were they. High and low, rich and poor, all rubbed shoulders. Coolies, naked save for loose drawers rolled high up the thighs, carried, on each end of a six-foot stick, water, firewood and burdens of various sorts, when an exceptionally heavy load was to be carried, some four coolies bore it, slung on the middle of a bamboo, two at each end of the pole. Peddlers carried their wears in baskets slung at each and of a stick, or in flat trays hung like an old-fashioned pair of scales, with the pole or beam on their shoulders. Carriers thus bore creels of fruit, fish and all sorts of esculents; live rats, cats and dogs in wicker baskets, fat pigs in wicker cylinders, sometimes with their legs hanging out; and boxes, bales and trays of toys. Through the throng exalted Chinamen, fan in hand, in silken gowns, and with queues pendent far down the back, made their slow way in dignity. There were plenty of women and children also in the crowd, some of the women hobbling painfully along on their tortured and distorted feet, which, from the tight binding, were so shrunken and diseased that their shin bones had become fleshless skeleton supports, covered with a wrinkled parchment skin, and their legs seemed to be little better than gnarled and knotted stumps. Occasionally an empty chair was seen in this crowd, or a chair in which sat some mandarin, with awning and delicately-fashioned lattice blinds closely drawn, or a man who hawked small wares or sweets for sale, and carried in one hand a little flat metal plate and a string with a small weight tied to one finger. With each twitch of his finger a clear, musical note rang sharply in the air. Ping! ping! ping! sounded his little gong, heralding his approach from a long way off; who knows? Perhaps from this primitive but artistic appliance has in the course of ages been evolved our muffin-bell—sweet music in the ears of those setting forth in quest of five o'clock teas. Anon our progress was checked by a funeral procession, which struggled past us amid a blare of discordant trumpets, beating of gongs and screeching of stringed instruments, the mourners bearing aloft paper and tinsel dolls, bright streamers or little trays of food and sticks of incense.

The coolies, who had their queues knotted up, wore, for the most part, a hat shaped like a flat lamp shade about two feet across. A little cup-shaped wicker basket, fixed underneath it, held this covering over their heads, and it served more as a sun and rain shade for the body than an actual head-covering. Clerks, merchants and well-to-do people carried their queues loose, and were either bareheaded, or covered with a black satin or very fine black wicker skull-cap with a coral button on the top.

Every one seemed busy; no one seemed unhappy; each individual was polite, and prepared to make way for another. To keep to the right was the rule of the road, a rule strictly adhered to, without which all progress would have been impossible. As I looked along the crowded way, I could see always two long lines of people in single file, passing one another, and keeping close to their respective right sides. In places the streets so narrowed in that passersby rubbed shoulders. Every one stood aside for the passage of a funeral or a priestly procession; after which the acknowledged order of precedence was first a chair with a passenger—though even this moved aside to allow a passage to the lowest-class laborer staggering beneath a heavy load—then any person carrying a load, and lastly those who were unencumbered by burdens. A mandarin on foot, or a wealthy merchant with a richly embroidered gown, moved aside to allow the coolie wood-carrier to pass along uninterrupted. There were no policemen at corners to regulate traffic; old-established custom, based on a policy of mutual obligation, took the place of a man in blue.

Flossie—I'm afraid to go to sleep all alone in the dark. Mamma—You go right to bed like a good little girl, and remember that God's little angels are with you. Flossie (five minutes later)—I can't go to sleep, mamma. I guess one of God's little angels is biting me.—The King's Jester.

It was at the old Court House in Washington, Ky., that Mrs. Stowe first saw a negro auction and formed the idea of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

HUMOROUS.

Mamma (to Johnny, who has fallen on the sidewalk)—There, Johnny, don't cry; be a little man. Johnny—And say the things that pa does when anything hurts him?

"Er man," said Uncle Eben, "dat comes ter Wa-a-sh'nt'n lookin' foh trouble is li'ble t e get 'is wish er heap quicker dan de man who comes lookin' foh office."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Homespun—"Why, Daniel, you don't mean to say this picture was took for you? It doesn't look a bit like you. Mr. Homespun—No, but it looks just as I felt when it was took.—Transcript.

Judge—Well, doctor, what is the condition of the burglar's victim? Doctor—One of his wounds is absolutely fatal, but the other two are not dangerous, and can be healed.—Fliegende Blatter.

Who is it that says: "It is worth a thousand pounds a year to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things?"—Chicago Standard. We say so, but Dr. Samuel Johnson has the credit of saying it before we did.—New York Observer.

And Ethel Blushed—Tommy—Yes, cats can see in the dark, and so can Ethel; 'cause when Mr. Wright walked into the parlor when she was sittin' all alone in the dark, I heard her say to him: "Why, Arthur, you didn't get shaved today."—Life.

"Rabbi, who is happier, the man who owns a million dollars or he who has seven daughters?" "The one who has many daughters." "Why so?" "He who has a million dollars wishes for more—the man who has seven daughters does not."—Fliegende Blatter.

Teacher—Now do you see the difference between animal instinct and human reason? Bright Boy—Yes'm. If we had instinct we'd know everything we needed to without learning it, but we've got reason and have to study ourselves mos' blind or be a fool.—Good News.

A Cincinnati man recently presented his wife with a piano lamp, which she said she would call after him. On asking her the reason, she replied: "Well, dear, it has a good deal of brass about it, it is handsome to look at, it is not remarkably brilliant, requires a good deal of attention, is sometimes unsteady on its legs, liable to explode when half-full, flares up occasionally, is always out at bedtime and is bound to smoke."

A Dropped Letter—New Yorrick, Ameriky. Mein Tear Burdder—Come to dis guntry. Come kerwick. All you haf to do is to zay yuo no bromise to vork for anypody, und dey lets you in. You is receivet wid open arms. Day feet you and glothe you und make you so gomfortable as you neffer was. You neffer has to vork here except to march now and den wid dose unemployed. Id vas grant. Zell out unt bring all de volks. Your brudder, J. Vonowski.—Life.

In a recent examination some boys were asked to define certain words, and to give a sentence illustrating the meaning. Here are a few: Frantic means wild; I picked some frantic flowers. Akimbo, with a crook; I had a dog with an akmibo in his tail. Athletic, strong; the vinegar was too athletic to use. Tandem, one behind another; the boys sit tandem at school. And then some single words are funnily explained. Dust is mud with the wet squeezed out; fins are fisehs' wings; monkey, a small boy with a tail; stars are the moon's eggs; circumference is distance around the middle of the outside.—Education Gazette.

The absent-minded man is at it again. He had been reading the egg story, and decided to try the trick. The first thing to do was to boil the egg. How many minutes? he asked himself, and going to the stove with the egg in one hand and his watch in the other, he dropped the latter in the hot water. Then placing the egg on the table, he sat downt o read till the time was up. At the end of five or six minutes he was surprised to find the egg lying there before him, but supposing that he had himself taken it from the kettle and cooled it he proceeded to crack and peel it. The consequence may be imagined. Finally he missed his watch. The house was searched high and low, and it was not until the following morning that the cook found it in the kettle, where it had been boiling for hours.—Exchange.

A "SMART" COUNTRY BOY.

The "smart" city boy has countless wonderful stories to tell to his country cousin when he goes to the farm for a part of the summer. The city may not be a good place to stay in the warm weather, but it is a good place to brag about. City Boy got caught, however, when he had pumped Country Boy full of yarns about marvellous things in the metropolis.

"Well, I know," said Country Boy, with an angelic look on his freckled face, "I ut my uncle over to Cross Roads beats 'em all. He's got twenty hives of bees, and he's got a name for every bee." City Boy jeered, but Country Boy stuck to his yarn stubbornly until City Boy, seeing a chance to get a big story to tell in the city, was convinced.

"Well," he said, "tell me some of the names. What does he call some of them?"

"Bees," said Country Boy, his face as expressionless as a freckled flour sack, "just bees. He calls 'em all bees."—Ex.

The following epitaph was found on a tombstone, placed there, no doubt, by a fond father and mother:

Beneath this stone our baby lies;
He neither cries nor hollers,
He lived just one and twenty days
And cost us forty dollars.

A small boy surprised his teacher by asking her how far a procession of the Presidents of the United States would reach if they were placed in a row. On expressing her ignorance, he calmly announced: "From Washington to Cleveland."—Chatham Courier.

The power of steam was discovered by a Florentine officer, who was idly experimenting with a glass bottle and a few drops of water.

NAPOLEON'S FATHER

Was a Patrician, His Mother a Peasant.

SHE WAS A WOMAN OF HEROIC MOLD

It was From His Mother, Whom He Resembled in Childhood, that He got His Physical Endurance.

In the November number of "The Century" begins the new life of Napoleon, by Prof. W. M. Sloane, which has been in preparation for the past four years, and which has been awaited with eagerness since its first announcement. Of the father and mother of the Emperor, Professor Sloane writes as follows:

Certain undisputed facts throw a strong light on Napoleon's father. His people were proud and poor; he endured the hardships of poverty with equanimity. Strengthening what little influence he could muster, he at first appears ambitious, and has himself described in his diploma as a patrician of Florence, San Miniato and Ajaccio. On the other hand, with no apparent regard for his personal advancement by marriage, he followed his own inclination, and in 1764 at the age of eighteen, rashly, perhaps, but gallantly wedded a lowly and beautiful child of fifteen, Letitia Ramolino.

Her descent was the reverse of her husband's, although her fortune was quite equal, if not superior, to his. She was of peasant nature to the last day of her long life—hardy, unsentimental, frugal and sometimes unscrupulous. Yet the hospitality of her little home in Ajaccio was lavish, after the manner of her kind, and consequently famous. Among the many guests who availed themselves of it was Marbeuf, commander in Corsica of the first army of occupation. There was long afterward a malicious tradition that the French general was Napoleon's father. The morals of Letitia di Buonaparte, like those of her conspicuous children, have been bitterly assailed, but her own good name, at least, has always been vindicated. The evident motive of the story sufficiently refutes such an aspersion as it contains. Of the bride's extraordinary beauty there never has been a doubt. She was a woman of heroic mold, like Juno in her majesty, unmoved in prosperity, undaunted in adversity. It was probably to his mother whom he strongly resembled in childhood, that the famous son owed his tremendous, even gigantic, physical endurance. If in his mother was reproduced the type of a Roman matron, in the son would be recalled the virtues and vigor of an imperator.

After their marriage, the youthful pair resided in Corte, waiting until events sohuld permit their return to Ajaccio. Naturally of an indolent temperament, the husband was at first drawn into the daring enterprises of Paoli, and displayed a temporary enthusiasm, but for more than a year before the end he wearied of them. At the head of a body of men of his own rank he finally withdrew to Monte Rotondo, and on May 23, 1769, a few weeks before Paoli's flight, the band made formal submission to the two French generals Marbeuf and Vaux, explaining through Buonaparte that the national leader had misled them by promises of aid which never came, and that, recognizing the impossibility of further resistance, they were anxious to accept the new government, to return to their homes, and to resume the peaceful conduct of their affairs. It was this precipitate naturalization of the father as a French citizen which made his great son a Frenchman. Less than three months afterward, on August 15, his fourth child, Napoleone di Buonaparte was born in Ajaccio.

The resources of the Buonapartes, as they still wrote themselves, were small, although their family and expectations were large. An only child, Letitia, had inherited her father's little home and his vineyards in the suburbs, for her mother had married a second time. Her stepfather had been a Swiss mercenary in the pay of Genoa. In order to secure the woman of his choice he became a Roman Catholic, and was the father of Mme. di Buonaparte's half-brother, Joseph Fesch. Charles himself was the owner of lands in the interior, but they were heavily mortgaged, and he could contribute little to the support of his family. His uncle, a wealthy landlord, had died childless, leaving his domains to the Jesuits, and they had promptly entered into possession. According to the terms of his grandfather's will, the bequest was void, for the fortune was to fall in such a case to Charles's mother, and on her death to Charles himself. Joseph, his father, had wasted many years and most of his fortune in weary litigation to recover the property. Nothing daunted, Charles settled down to pursue the same phantom, virtually depending for livelihood on his wife's small patrimony. He became an officer of the highest court as assessor, and was made in 1772 a member, and later, a deputy of the council of Corsican nobles.

The peasant mother was most prolific. Her eldest child, born in 1765, was a son, who died in infancy; in 1767 was born a daughter, Marie-Anne, destined to the same fate; in 1768 a son, known later as Joseph, but baptized as Nabulione, in 1769 the great son, Napoleone. Nine to her children were the fruit of the same wedlock, and six of them—three sons, Lucien, Louis and Jerome, and three daughters, Elise, Pauline and Caroline—survived to share their brother's greatness. Charles himself, like his short-lived ancestors—of whom five had died within a century—reached only early middle age, dying in his thirty-ninth year. Letitia, like the stout Corsican that she was, lived to the ripe age of eighty-six in the full enjoyment of her faculties, known to the world by the sobriquet of Madame Mere.

SHALL TRUANT BOYS WORK?

The report that it has been decided that the sale of vegetables grown upon the farm connected with a truant school in Worcester county shall be stopped, because it conflicts with the law against the sale of the products of convict labor, indicates a defective la[illegible] and an undesirable willingness to yield to the demands of the less intelligent portion of the working men, or those who seem to take pride in styling themselves "the unemployed."

As many of this class would not accept farm labor at any wages any more than would Coxey's army, it does not seem that there should be any greater objection to the truant boys earning something toward their support by the State than there should be if they were bound out among farmers, as used to be the custom for many poor boys, and now is done by many of the charitable institutions. Such boys have had opportunity to learn a useful business, have become self-supporting and made valuable members of society. "Idleness is the mother of mischief,' says the old proverb, and we think a crowd of boys confined together in idleness would learn more evil than if kept at work, and possibly more than if playing truant on the streets. And we might say the same thing of older convicts in our prisons.

A law which provided that the product of our penal and charitable institutions should not be sold at less than the market rates of those produced by private individuals, presumably honest, might be of value, but teach the boys to work and make the sentence of the men to "hard labor" effective. Something more depends upon this than the mere loss to the State of the cost of a few years support of them. It means, for the boys at least, the formation of habits of idleness or usefulness for a lifetime, and to some of the men in our prisons it may mean the ability to support themselves by honest labor after their discharge, or an enforced return to their dishonest practices to obtain a living.

We might have expected such a protest against allowing the work of the boys to have been made by some of the trades unions, or by cranks like Coxey and his adherents, or by such boys as were too lazy to either work or study, but we had not expected it from farmers and gardeners, who usually believe in the "dignity of labor," and that all who are able should earn their living "by the sweat of their brows."

ECONOMY OF HEALTH

A problem which every one should aim to solve is, "How may I best employ in my given occupation the measure of health and strength which I possess?"

It is a law of nature that the exercise of functions results in an increase of their ability. Muscles become larger by exercise. Brain matter, by constant intellectual employment, increases in weight, and the "brain cells" become greater in number. This is true of every bodily and mental function.

But any function may be wrongly employed. When a muscle is constantly used to excess, it atrophies or becomes smaller. The brain, if held too closely to its task, at length refuses to act.

Physical exercise is often perverted by being employed at improper times, as immediately after a meal; by being too hurried and short, as when one rushes to catch a train; or by being so prolonged as to produce extreme fatigue.

A young man was recently advised to take physical exercise out of doors. With an exclamation he proceeded to relate how, after a morning of close confinement at office work, he took a hurried lunch and at once rushed to a series of appointments, the distance between which amounted to several miles. It was explained that this was not exercise in the proper sense of the word. It is impossible to digest food, to exercise severely, to prosecute business, and to do all well at the same time.

Deliberation is necessary to proper exercise, as well as a proper method of study, or to the proper performance of any occupation. The normal development of every member and tissue is a slow one; a too rapid increase is apt to produce harm, or to precede disease of a member.

In order to preserve heatlh to old age, one must exercise his muscles and his brains so that each shall receive a proper amount of solid, steady work, and what is equally important, a proper amount of rest. If one feels himself lacking in physical strength, he may be absolutely certain that by the use of what muscular power he has he will gain more. A weak organ gains power by a moderate, steady exercise of its function.—Youth's Companion.

MARRYING A WORTHLESS MAN.

I ask not that a girl in love with a young fellow shall weigh every point. Women are not created that way, and love is not conducive to that sort of all-around, open-eyed care and prudence. But one thing I do ask of her: If she marries a worthless fellow who has no business ability with her eyes open, she must not complain afterward if she finds that all the other graces of manhood are as naught, in the long run, before that one great incompetency in a man. An incompetent business man is only a shade better than a morally deficient man, but only a shade. I care not what a young man earns when he asks a girl to mary him—if it is only $5 a week—so long as he has a sincere love for his work and an honorable determination to succeed in it. The $5 per week will soon grow into $50.—Ladies' Home Journal.

"Wx hopx" said the leading article in a western paper, apologetically "that our rxadxrs will parden thx appxerancx of this wxxk's "Intelligencer," and thx sxxmingly mystxrious absxncx of a cxrtain lxttxr.

"Shooting Sam Bibbxr camx into our officx yxstxrday, and statxd that as hx was going shooting and had no ammunition hx would likx to borrow somx of our typx for shot. Bxforx wx could prxvxnt it hx grabbxd all thx lxttxrs out of thx most important box and disappxarxd.

"Our subscribxrs can hxlp in rxplxnishing our stock if all thosx who wxrx shot by Sam will savx thx chargx whxn it is pickxd out of thxm and rxturn it to us. Nxvxr mind if it is battxrxd a littlx."—An editor's apology.

Teacher—"They builded better than they knew.' Do you understand that?" Bright Boy—"Yes'm. They always do." "Who always do?" "The architects, you know. Pop's new five-thousand-dollar house cost most

BEAUTIFUL GRENADA.

Georgetown and its Manifold Attractions.

THE IDEAL HOME OF A KENTUCKIAN

Church Spires and Red Tiled Roofs Gleam Amid Cocoa Palms and Bread-Fruit Trees—An English Colony.

When we sailed into this port a few evenings ago, and got a first glimpse by moonlight of the old town named in honor of England's patron saint, we thought it the most beautiful place in the world, and it has since proved to be one of the few whose attractions increase with longer and closer acquaintance. Nor is this our verdict alone, for little Grenada, which is only about twenty-four miles long by twelve wide, is universally conceded to be the loveliest of the Antilles. Georgetown, the capitol and principal city, is on the western side of the island, approached by an inlet between tall cliffs and scattered bowlders. It is greatly superior to the majority of West India towns, its houses being substantially built of stone, in agreeable contrast to the bamboo huts and frail wooden structures with shingled roofs and brick pillars that disfigure most of the islands. Georgetown occupies a peninsula that juts far out into the water, and its steep streets scramble up the hills that environ the harbor on three sides. Beginning at the water's edge, villa rises above villa and garden above garden in irregular terraces, church spires and red tile roofs gleaming amid cocoa palms and bread-fruit trees. A central ridge running down to the sea divides the town in two parts, and forms on one side of the harbor a large circular basin called the "Carenage," where ships lie land-locked close to the wharves and stores.

A saluting battery, Fort King George, with cannon pointing to the ocean and signals waving from its staff, guards the entrance to the Carenage; and on the left rises Hospital Hill, crested with fortifications which were no doubt effective in the days of 32-pounders. Another long ridge connects this fort with Richmond Heights, which are also fortified; and beyond green hills rise above green hills, to the sommas of old craters in the central peaks.

The Carenage is always filled with ships, and the wharves that surround it present a busy scene. The shops and warehouses and markets are in this lower town, and many of the tradesepeople have their residences here. Toward the farther end—where Point Salines, with its great lagoon, shoots out a long, broken horn, bordered by mangrove trees wading knee deep in the sea—is an aqueduct, fed by several little rivers running down through cane fields, where ships take on fresh water; and beyond is an extensive shipyard, provided with every convenience for building sloops, schooners and droghers. The lagoon, which is separated from the Carenage only by a reef, is a fine body of water, deep enough to float the largest vessels. Except for the reef it would surpass the Carenage itself as a harbor. Many years ago the Grenada Legislature voted a large sum of money to blast away the obstruction and thus unite the two bodies of water, but the improvements were never effected.

On the other side of the town the cliffs are lower and sharper, composed of lava, ash and gravel, hurled forth by some long-silent volcano. At their base, a bevy of negresses—looking in the distance like a swarm of black ants—are busily loading a barge with gravel, which they "tote" in baskets on their heads. Beyond the cliffs a circular lake, two miles in circumference, with a coral reef swash, feeds two or three small rivers. This celebrated lake, the Etang du Vieux Bourg, is one of the old craters for which the island is famous; the same, probably, which threw up all these bowlders and ash heaps. Tradition says that early in the seventeenth century a French city flourished where the coral reef now gleams like a huge white skeleton beneath the water, and that one evil day the Enceladus below turned over in his sleep, and the whole town was swallowed up or washed away. Only one man survived to tell the tale, a blacksmith by trade, who thereupon set himself up as Governor of Grenada, there being nobody to dispute his pretensions. The temper of the slumbering volcano is still so uncertain that in earthquake time the Etang is watched with great anxiety. A few years ago, when St. Vincent and other islands farther north were so badly shaken up, this lake suddenly lifted itself and threw masses of water into the lower town, doing considerable damage.

To this day the good citizens declare that the crater at the bottom of the Etang du Vieux Bourg actually opened like the mouth of a colossal monster, sucked up the sea, and spouted it out again. If this is true their escape from total annihilation was certainly a narrow one. Among the other extinct craters in the central mountains there are several considerable lakes, and hot chalybeate and sulphur springs abound.

Sleepy as this fair island looks, in the sunshine, it instantly wakes up whenever a steamer runs alongside the wooden wharf where passengers are sent ashore while coal is being taken on. Hardly is the gang-plank thrown before it is filled with a line of half-naked negroes and negresses, each carrying a basket of coal on the head, singing at first and shouting boisterously to one another, but later in the day, when weariness has developed ill-nature, scolding and swearing, and occasionally indulging in freefights. The coaling men and women, the most degraded class on the island, are a great contrast in their dingy rags to the neat country negresses, in gaudy calico gowns and gaudier turbans, who come trooping down to the boat, bringing limes and poemgranates, monkeys and paroquets to sell. From their comfortable and prosperous appearance it is easy to believe the popular boast that Grenada has no beggars; and we are assured that even the swearing creatures of the coal baskets earn enough by one day's labor to keep them in idle-

steamer comes in, may be a week or two later.

There are carriages to be had in Grenada and it is well to hire one for "doing" the town, though its hills are so nearly perpendicular that to climb them on wheels is at the peril of life and limb. Driving up steep streets of porous black lava, between houses and walls of volcanic stone, surrounded by blooming gardens in which black knots and lumps scorched by volcanic fires, appear everywhere amid the most exuberant vegetation, we ascend to Richmond Heights to get a panoramic view of the situation. From the fort on top, which now holds neither guns nor soldiers, you may see the three "Bocas" of Trinidad, and on a clear day can even get a vague glimpse of South America, whose nearest point is only sixty miles away. The rest of the prospect is charming—a perfect paradise of bloom and fruitage, gardens and orchards, stone mansions and plaintain-endowered cottages, and hills variegated with verdant poppies. The interior of the island is highly picturesque, its irregular but continuous chain of mountains attaining an average elevation of 3000 feet, and branching off into lesser ridges with deep, green valleys between them. Grenada reminds one of Madeira, her features being never grand, but always soft and noble. The mounds of ash and lava, basaltic boulders and cliffs of hornblende, porphyery and red sandstone are washed by innumerable sparkling cascades and draped with forests of cottonwood, giant mombines (hog-plums), and the whole palm family, and are alive with chattering monkeys, bright-winged birds, gorgeous butterflies and brilliant "jewel bugs."

To be sure the average temperature from year to year is 85 degrees Fahrenheit, but one does not feel the heat much, unless exercising too violently, because ocean breezes are always blowing. Earthquake tremblings are frequently experienced, but hurricanes, which have so often devastated the northern islands, have never yet extended so far southward.

It is also worth a climb to the Government House, which is situated on a ridge at the end of Hospital Hill, whence the view is that of the Bay of Naples on one side and of a poet's Arcadia on the other. The prosaic planters themselves, who are chiefly Scotchmen not overburdened with sentiment, seem to have had such notions, for they have named the vale below Tempe, the river Peneus, and the cloven eminence near it, where the finest sugar of the colony is grown, Mount Parnassus. One morning we drove out to a suburban villa to call upon a disgruntled countryman—a Kentuckian, who left the United States in a huff when the civil war did not turn out to suit him. He has prospered in Grenada, despite his politics and the abolition of slavery even here, and is the contented possessor of an ideal home, which stands in a green knoll about 500 feet above the sea. The winds from the eastern mountains sweep fresh and cool through his wide halls and lofty rooms, and the drawing-room windows open upon lawns fragrant with frangipani bushes, whose odorous, rose-colored blossoms grow at the ends of almost leafless branches.

There are gardens and orchards, tennis courts and croquet grounds, swings for the little ones and a bowling alley for children of larger growth, and a perfect riot of the same flowers we plant at home with many unfamiliar ones; and behind is a wonderful sweep of green, wooded hills, rising tier above tier, with cottages and farms in their hollows.

As to Georgetown's public buildings, there are the usual offices of Colonial officials, a custom house and a courthouse, and in the yard of the latter two beneficent institutions—a whipping-post and a treadmill, which the lazy blacks dread more than anything else.

The Church of England is beautifully situated on a little green plateau, and has a neat spire and excellent clock; and close by is the pretty parsonage. The Methodists have a big stone meeting-house and a numerous congregation, and the Catholic Chapel is a long, wooden building, in the rear end of which a rusty bell continually calls upon the faithful. The stores of Georgetown are larger and more English than anywhere else in the West Indies, with handsome counters and fine rows of shelves and showcases. They are real "stores," not shops, for nobody hereabouts confines himself to the sale of one line of articles. It is a serious affront in Grenada to call a store a shop, for by the latter you infer that its proprietor is a shopkeeper," a title which Englishmen greatly resent. They are all gentlemen merchants who are not negro hucksters, and there are no "middle men" between them.

The island is said to contain upward of 50,000 inhabitants, only 500 of whom are whites. Since slavery days there has been a considerable importation of coolies for the plantations, as the freed negroes cannot be depended upon for steady work; and after a generation or two the result is plainly apparent in a different tinge of complexion among the "colored" population.

There was formerly a House Assembly at Georgetown, but not now, since Grenada is a crown colony, under the general government of the Windward Islands. The other villages are piously named after saints—St. Mark, St. Andrew, St. Patrick, St. Luke—and Charlotte Town. The staple export is cocoa, reckoned at about 1500 tons per annum. Next comes sugar and rum, the former officially stated at 2792 tons a year, the latter 53,609 gallons. Whale oil is also largely exported, and a little cotton and tobacco. The colonial legislature grants $60,000 a year for educational purposes, distributed among thirty public schools. The Spaniards never made a settlement in Grenada. It was one of the Caribbean Islands which was granted to the Earl of Carlisle in 1627, and a few years afterward Du Parquet extirpated the few native Indians with great cruelty. Then the French held it up to 1783, when it fell into British possession.—Fannie B. Ward in Inter-Ocean.

"Don't talk about life insurance companies to me," said Mrs. Waggles, indignantly. "They aren't any good. Why, when my poor husband lay a-dyin', I sent word to the Profitable Assurance Company of Schohair to come up and insure his life right away, and do you know the heathen

THE WORK OF DUST.

What Makes the Clear Sky Appear Blue.

THE FINE MECHANISM OF LIGHT.

Without Dust There Would be No Fog, No Clouds, No Rain, No Snow, No Showers.

Dust has a very large share in nearly all the phenomena of the earth's atmosphere. It is what makes the clear sky appear blue; and when we look up into the sky we see the dust in the atmosphere illuminated by the sun. There is nothing else before us that can permit the light to reach the eye. Light goes invisible, straight through all gases, whatever their chemical composition. The dust catches it, reflects it in every direction, and so causes the whole atmosphere to appear clear, in the same way that it makes the sunbeam visible in the darkened room. Without dust there would be no blue firmament. The sky would be as dark as or darker than we see it in the finest moonless nights. The glowing disk of the sun would stand immediately upon this dark background, and the same sharp contrast would prevail upon the illuminated surface of the earth—blinding light where the sun's rays fall and deep black shadows where they do not. Only the light of the moon and the stars, which would remain visible in the daytime, would be able to temper this contrast in a slight degree. The illumination of the earth's surface would be like that we see with the telescope on the lunar landscapes; for the moon has no atmospheric envelope that can hold floating dust. We then owe to dust the even moderately tempered daylight, adapted now to our eyes; and it is that which contributes much to the beauty of our landscape scenery.

But if dust makes the sky appear clear, why is the color of the sky blue? Why does dust, of the different constituents of white sunlight, reflect the blue rather than the green, yellow and red? This fact is connected with the size of the dust particles. Only the finest dust settles so slowly that it can be spread everywhere by means of the air currents, and can be found constantly in all strata of the atmosphere; and special importance can be ascribed only to these finest particles. The coarse parts soon fall to the ground. Let us consider the fine mechanism of light, the extremely short ether waves which determine its existence. These waves, although they are of even less than microscopic size, are not all equally long. The shortest are those that give blue light, while all the other colors are produced by longer waves. The fine atmosphere dust contains many particles which are large enough to reflect the short blue ether waves, fewer than can reflect green and yellow, and still fewer large enough to reflect the long red waves. The red light, therefore, goes on almost without hindrance, while the blue is more liable to be diverted, and thus to reach the eye. A similar phenomenon may be observed on a larger scale on water which is roughened with waves of different lengths, and on which pieces of wood are floating. The pieces of wood stand in the same relation to the water waves as the dust particles to the ether waves. The great long waves pass the blocks undisturbed, only rocking up and down; while the finer ripples of the water are turned back, as if the blokcs were firm walls.

The finest dust thus appears blue. There is much coarse dust in large towns, when the sky over them is often gray, while only the finest blue dust is carried up in the country. The dust is also variously assorted at different heights above the surface of the earth. The coarser dust will be found at the lower levels, where it is produced. On mountains we have most of the dust beneath us, while the rarefied air can sustain only the finest floating particles. Hence the sky on high mountains is clear and deep blue, even almost black, as if it were without dust. Only when we look at the lower strata, toward the horizon, does the color pass into gray.

Why is the sky in Italy and the tropics of a so much deeper blue than that of Western Europe? Is the dust there finer? It is really so; not that a finer quality of dust is produced there, but because in the moist climate of the North Sea countries the dust cannot float long in the air without being charged with water and made coarser, while in warmer countries water exists in the air as vapor and does not become condensed as a liquid on the dust. Only when it is carried by the air currents into the higher strata and is cooled there, does it thicken into clouds. With this we come to the most important function of dust in the atmosphere—the part which it has in the function of rain, by reason of vapors condensing upon it. It may be affirmed with certainty that, if the water which the sun causes to evaporate on the surface of the sea and on the land is condensed again on dust and that no raindrop falls unless it has a particle of dust as its primary nucleus.

Without dust there would be no condensation of water in the air—no fog, no clouds, no rain, no snow, no showers. The only condensing surface would be the surface of the earth itself. Thus the trees and plants and the walls of houses would begin to trickle whenever cooling began in the air. In winter all would be covered with a thick icy crust. All the water which we are accustomed to see falling in rainpours or in snow would become visible in this way. We should at once feel on going out of doors that our clothes were becoming wet through. Umbrellas would be useless. The air, saturated with vapor, would penetrate the interior of houses and deposit its water on everything in them. In short, it is hard to conceive how different everything would be, if dust did not offer its immeasurable extent of surface everywhere to the air. To this we owe it that the condensation of water is diverted from the surface of the earth to the higher, cooler atomspheric strata.—Popular Science Monthly, from Die Gartenlaube.

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